まりに謹直な，英雄視された人々の epitaph の代りに，もっと卒直な epitaph を試みることによって一層現実に即した人間像や世相を捉えることが出来るのでないかというねらいや主張はよくうなずける。

以上概略紹介したように parody（広く burlesque や satire を含めて）の作品が，もしすぐれたもので，文学としても面白く読ませ，従来まかり通って来た原作の過大評価もしくは過少評価を是正する力があるとすれば，文学を研究する者が，原作をより広い perspective の中で見ることになるのでこの種の本をもっと読んで参考にしてよいのではないかと思う。（井上ヒデ）

Henry James and the Jacobites, by Maxwell Geismar,

Boston : Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1963

I have long urged my students, when in doubt about an effective way of developing a critical paper, to begin by attacking someone else's critical position. Such a ploy not only provides some focus to one's own remarks — it provides, automatically, some excitement. The present volume, Maxwell Geismar's *Henry James and the Jacobites*, might well be cited as a model of the genre. Focus it certainly has — it takes one point, or one group of points, and hammers away for four hundred and fifty pages. And excitement it certainly has also. It is, in fact, a veritable Catherine's Wheel of a book. Whether its heat matches its light is, alas, another question.

Maxwell Geismar has long been a leading American critic and editor. As an editor he has been associated with the names of Ring Lardner, Sherwood Anderson, Jack London, Walt Whitman, and Thomas Wolfe. One would guess, therefore, that Geismar would not find in Henry James a kindred soul. And so, indeed, he doesn't. His very title indicates as much, for Geismar uses "Jacobite" as one might use "Janite" to denote a devotee of Jane Austen, one who, in an excess of admiration, finds no fault in "Jane" as a person or as an artist. Geismar finds the cult of Jane Austen paralleled by the cult of Henry James. Briefly, his thesis is that a group of American literary critics of the mid-twentieth century, partially tricked by James himself, partially self-deluded, and partially motivated by thoughts of making themselves important, seized upon the minor figure of James and, willy-nilly, sought, by a combination of unreasonably high praise and, when needed, tactful silence, to raise him to the ranks of the major writers. Geismar

addresses himself to examining the books themselves, and the criticisms of them. In so doing, he satisfies himself at least that, for all their minor charm, the James books are overwritten, over-intellectualized, and, of course, vastly overpraised.

There is undeniably an air of the conspiratorial about this book. Geismar is, one feels, too eager to find a plotter under every bedstead, and, once committed to his thesis, rather too eager, too lip-smackingly eager, to prove it at whatever cost. This leads him into excesses of his own, perhaps the greatest of which is the very fact that he has written a 450-page book almost entirely in denigration, leading a reader to wonder if Geismar himself has not been motived by an animus against James and his camp as remarkable as the Jacobites' prejudice in favor of James.

Be this as it may, the main points of Geismar's thesis deserve attention. The book proceeds chronologically. The major works—and a great many minor works as well—are discussed—as they are in themselves, as Henry James saw them and tried to make his readers see them, and as the critics have seen them. Needless to say, Geismar's "real" view is not as flattering as Henry James or his attendant Jacobites would have it. James is, he says, a limited writer, limited in personal experience and limited in artistic range. His own emotional life was so stunted—he was, Geismar avers, "the most fascinating case of arrested development in the history of belles lettres"—that his novels necessarily reflect but a narrow range of human emotions. Geismar then goes on to say that James realized his own limitations, at least subconsciously, and so developed the elaborate literary theory set forth in his Prefaces, a set of literary principles which did not aim at universal fictional laws but which aimed, rather, at making all his own faults and difficulties into virtues and challenges. Was a novel serialized? James speaks of the great value of the discipline such serialization entailed. Was a novel not serialized? James then speaks of the wonderful freedom thus given him. Was James's own personal experience pitifully limited, so that his characters were all either of the moneyed, leisured classes, or fascinated by them? Then James speaks of the great value of the part, of the precious ability—*his*—to see the whole in the part. James was, Geismar insists, a classic case of the "Rationalizing Ego."

Geismar also insists that even as a recorder of life among his chosen classes —the rich, the aristocratic, the leisured on both sides of the Atlantic—James was a failure. Consistently Geismar fails to find any valid reflection of the real life of the time. The late nineteenth century in America was the great period of the

robber barons, but one finds in James nothing either of criticism or of description of such men—only the repeated idea that the making of money by whatever means is vulgar and somehow beneath his, James's, notice. Nor was James, to Geismar's mind, any better as an historian of the British aristocracy. He always saw that aristocracy as an outsider, and as a dazzle-eyed, romance-seeking outsider at that.

One is tempted to regard this book as a case of everyone being out of step but Maxwell. To change the image—and Geismar himself uses this one—it is possible that the Emperor *has* no clothes; it is possible, but somehow, at this late date, rather improbable. And yet there *does* seem to be some truth in what he says. Some of the truth, not all of it. Take Geismar's point of James's range, for example. It is traditional to contrast novelists of, say, the Tolstoy type and the Jane Austen type, in which case James clearly falls in the latter camp. It is also traditional to say that James makes up in depth what he lacks in range—but I notice my students fretting at the narrow range, the circles of intensity circling ever smaller, the added complexities seemingly added for the sake of complexity. Mr. Geismar often finds occasion to compare James with Walt Whitman. Indeed, considered from the point of view of range, or of "blood and guts," James comes off so greatly the inferior as to make the comparison ludicrous. And yet if one wishes range, why not simply go to Tolstoy and Dickens? Doesn't James have anything to offer in exchange?

The test can only be a return to the books themselves. In my case a return to *The Wings of the Dove*, which I am reading with a group of junior students, has proved instructive. Here are indeed the "princess" images for Milly Theale which Geismar makes so much of as reflecting James's essentially fairy-tale approach to his material. Here are the many images linking love or friendship and money which Geismar finds to indicate that James thought all human relations reducible to money. Here is the vagueness about material antecedents which Geismar finds so irritating, and here, certainly, is the relentless probing, probing, probing of the thoughts and passing emotions of the characters. And here is the intricacy of construction and the complex manipulation of point of view which James so openly delighted in— and which so angers Mr. Geismar.

And yet in *The Wings of the Dove* doesn't the depth make up for the narrowness of range? It must resolve itself into a matter of taste. Surely no one can be expected to be equally enthusiastic about Walt Whitman and about Henry James. And to speak of particulars, Geismar, who spends hundreds of pages taking

other critics to task for being naive, is surely himself naive not to see that, for instance, James uses financial images for human relations to express the *characters'* view of these relations, not his. And in *The Wings of the Dove* the society of London revolving about Mrs. Lowder and Kate Croy is surely seen as much more of a dangerous spider's web than as a fairy-tale land of romance. And surely at least *some* of the points which Geismar see James as having been forced by his subconscious to insert were, in fact, placed there deliberately. At times Geismar makes James sound like a complete nitwit; *that* seems hardly likely.

In the Roman Catholic church there is a remarkable institution. Petitions asking that certain individuals be canonized as saints must be rigorously examined by "the Devil's Advocate," an officer appointed by the church whose job it is to find all manner of flaws in the supposedly sainted person. In literature also it is good to have Devil's Advocates. James *does* have his faults, and it is, in the search of truth, good to have them pointed out and even harped on. This book serves as an admirable Devil's Advocate. One must doubt, though, if it is the final word on James. (C. Lee Colegrove)

Edward T. Hall: *The Silent Language* (Doubleday)

国弘・長井・斉藤訳「沈黙のことば」(南雲堂)

言語学の研究対象はいうまでもなく「言語」である。およそ言語を媒体としないで成り立つ学問はない。にもかかわらず，その言語の構造を明らかにしようとする言語学が，一般にひどく特殊な学問と感じられていることは，この分野に関心をもつ者としては大変残念なことである。言語は，人間の物理的，思考的行動と密着し，人間を包む文化全体と切っても切れない関係にある。つまり，言語は，文化の重要な一部を占めるのである。この意味から，学問の分野が細分化される傾向の中にあって逆に，隣接分野との協力による超分野的 (inter-disciplinary) 研究がようやく芽ばえてきている。*The Silent Language* もその一つである。

著者 E. Hall は現在アメリカにおける気鋭の文化人類学者である。本書が書かれるにいたった契機については，著者の序文にも明らかであり，訳者あとがきにも記されているように，アメリカの立つ国際政治的立場のゆえに異質文化の中につかわされるアメリカ人たちの犯す，重大なあやまちの数々に直接ふれた著者が，文化というものの実体を根本から究明しなおす必要を痛感して立った，ということである。したがって本書の目